



A few friendly words on the art of upping your income

A very nice thing about this suggestion for a possible way to increase your income is this: you don't have to be ingenious or talented or even expert to follow it.

You begin with a wonderfully interesting and useful booklet.

The coupon below will bring it to you free. It's called "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." It lists more than 300 common stocks on the New York Stock Exchange that have paid dividends every year from 25 to 100 years. It tells which have increased their dividends over the last ten years, which paid 5 to 6 percent at recent prices, which are especially favored by big institutional investors.

And it describes the increasingly popular Monthly Investment Plan, which enables you to own stock in some of America's most successful companies for as little as \$40 every three months, up to \$1000 a month. More than 8½ million people own stock. The number is increasing every month. And two out of three shareholders have incomes under \$7500 a year.

Here are some important things to remember:

The prices of stocks can go down as well as up. A company may not be able to pay a dividend. So always get the facts about a company before you buy its stock. Never depend on tips or rumors. And use extra money left over after living expenses are met and emergencies provided for.

This is how to help build your income. Ownership of stock makes you part-owner of a company. Through dividends paid you can share in any profits it may make. And you can share in any growth through increases in the value of your investment. In this way you can get extra income from

sources other than your job—income that can help you along toward financial independence, help make it easier for you to do what you want to do in life.

So waste no time dropping in to see a nearby broker—making sure he's with a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. You'll find a cordial welcome there. He'll help you set up a sensible investment program, perhaps recommending bonds instead of stocks—and charge you nothing for his advice. He'll help you buy or sell and from time to time you can ask him to review your securities with you.

Be sure to ask him for your free copy of "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." Or send the coupon and you'll have it by return mail. Isn't it high time you began learning the art of upping your income?

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of your classified telephone directory.

Send for now free booklet. Mail to your local Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 77A, P. O. Box 252, New York 5, N. Y.

Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS," a basic guide for common stock investment. S-45

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

BROKER, IF ANY _____

THE INQUIRER Today MAGAZINE

C O N T E N T S

Copyright 1957, Triangle Publications, Inc.
October 20, 1957 • All Rights Reserved

► HOME AND FAMILY

Million-Dollar Home	19
Cranberry Recipes	52
Yule Cards to Make	57
Workshop on Wheels	58
Antique Scissors Art	60

► LIVING TODAY

Keeping on the Beam	4
Tail in the Saddle	8
Sons of Soccer	14
Happy at Work	33
Prince Charles' School	36
Passion Play	50
Moppet Mart	55

► FICTION

Single-Minded, by Jack Ritchie	16
--------------------------------	----

► PEOPLE

Your Neighbors	12
Twin Tastes	30

► GENERAL

Souvenirs of William Penn	10
Fashions With Off-Beat Elegance	13
Big Stuff	42
Mace for Proxy	45
Padded Sedan	46

► DEPARTMENTS

Antiques	60	Food	52
Beauty	40	Fun for Young Uns	41
Cameroaddities	28	Needlework	67
Confident Living	4	On a Shoestring	57
Craft Patterns	67	Picture Quiz	26
Crossword	48	Puzzles	48
Fashions	13	Science	33

Today We Remember:

ON A rainy afternoon 30 years ago today some 200 persons witnessed the cornerstone-laying ceremony of a building at Belmont and Conshohocken aves. It was the million-dollar Philadelphia Home for Incurables.

The structure was to house 162 children and adults, and would rest on eight acres of wooded land. A copper box, containing photographs, newspaper clippings and records, was placed in the cornerstone. In the box also was a gold dollar, reportedly the same coin which had inspired the founding of the home some 50 years before. Anna C. Inglis, a cripple from infancy, offered the dollar as a child to aid cripples and other incurables. Anna died at 18, but her dollar had started a movement, and in 1877 the home was founded. It occupied two sites before its present location.

Today, the Home for Incurables has 239 patients and a staff of 230. Mrs. Matilda Greyer, who is 80, is the oldest patient. Fifteen-year-old Robert Belikis is the youngest. Longest in residence is Mrs. Victoria DeMar, who has been there 56 years.

ON THE COVER

A STately reminder of William Penn, the 275th anniversary of whose arrival in his Province will be observed next week, is Pennsbury Manor. Situated on the Pennsylvania bank of the Delaware River near Tullytown, Bucks county, the Manor was Penn's summer home. Penn purchased the tract from the Indians shortly after coming here in 1682. In 1823 Charles Warner presented it to the State, and Pennsbury was restored in accordance with Penn's directions. The Manor is open to visitors daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., except during the summer, when closing time is 7 P. M. For other paintings by Ben Rossiter, showing recollections of our founder, see Pages 14 and 15.



THE INQUIRER TODAY MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 20, 1957

Inquirer
FICTION

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT W. CROWTHER

Single- Minded

*It's enough to make any wife
rebel . . . nothing but children
to rear . . . nowhere to stay but
home . . . nowhere to go but out . . .*

By Jack Ritchie

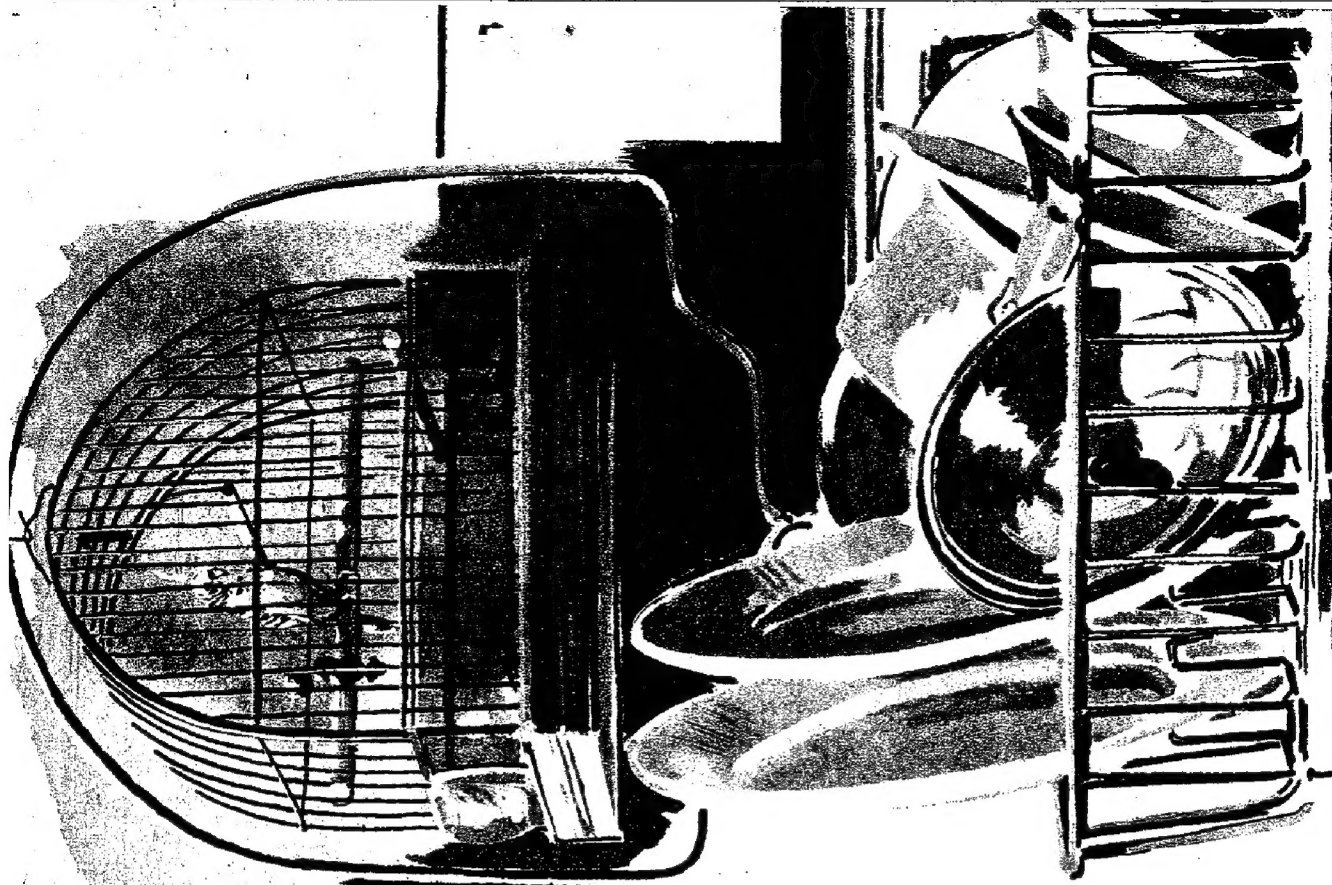
JARVIA FONTAINE draped the fur scarf over the back of an easy chair and answered my wife's note.

run outside and capture one. I believe they're making mud pies."
"Narrow mind," I said.

talent, Kitty. You have a really exceptional voice."

Kitty blushed slightly. "I'm afraid of

I picked up a towel and began wiping dishes. "The perch are beginning



Minded

*It's enough to make any wife
rebel . . . nothing but children
to rear . . . nowhere to stay but
home . . . nowhere to go but out . . .*

By Jack Ritchie

JARVIA FONTAINE draped the fur scarf over the back of an easy chair and answered my wife's question. "It's stone marten. A four-skin set. But frankly I'm getting tired of it."

"My wife has one made out of genuine fox," I said.

Kitty glared at me for several seconds and then resumed her smile for Jarvia. "It's been ages."

"Just four years," Jarvia said. She glanced about our small living room. "Don't you ever suffer from claustrophobia, Kitty?"

"It's an expensible house," I said proudly. "That thought alone is what keeps us smiling." I kept my foot over the cigaret burn in the rug.

My wife used her gay laugh. "Naturally with children about, things aren't quite as neat as they could be. We're getting better furniture when they've grown a little more and learn to be careful."

"Right now we couldn't afford anything else anyhow," I said.

My wife closed her eyes.

"Oh, yes," Jarvia said. "Children. How quaint. You have several of them, haven't you?"

"They're cute little things," I said. "If you'd like to hold one of them, I'll

run outside and capture one. I believe they're making mud pies."

"Never mind," Jarvia said.

"When I got your letter saying that you were passing through Kewanee, my breath was simply taken away," Kitty said. "The last time I heard from you, you were in Paris."

Jarvia tamped a gold-tipped cigaret on her cigaret case. "I did several recordings there for Lefevre and then I went on to Rome. That's the Eternal City, you know."

I got up and searched through my pockets until I found my cigaret lighter. "I was in Paris during the war. Once you get off the main streets, it's pretty much like Milwaukee."

I flicked the lighter seven or eight times. "Guess I'm out of fluid. I'll get some kitchen matches."

"Don't trouble yourself," Jarvia said. She took a lighter out of her alligator bag. "I don't imagine you get a chance to do much with your voice here in Kewanee, do you, Kitty?"

"She belongs to the Kewanee and Algoma Consolidated Chorus," I said. "They sing all over the Country."

Jarvia's glance at me conveyed a certain amount of pity. "How tragic you didn't take advantage of your

talent, Kitty. You have a really exceptional voice."

Kitty blushed slightly. "It's nice of you to say so."

"But it's quite true, my dear," Jarvia said. She looked around the room up a lot of things just to get married." She sighed. "It's a pity you had to bury yourself here."

I filled my pipe at the humidor. "I once read that seven out of ten women have voices of operatic quality. If it wasn't for marriage we'd be knee deep in sopranos."

"Peter," my wife said. "Why don't you go downstairs and finish repairing the washing machine?"

It took me about an hour to get the machine in working order again and when I came back upstairs, Kitty was at the sink washing dishes.

"Oh?" I asked. "Is she gone already?"

"London," my wife said, not looking at me. "The blue waters of Naples. The Riviera."

"I've got it fixed," I said. "But next time we'll need some new rollers."

Kitty stared at the wall. "Cham-pagne and applause. Lisbon in the sun."

I picked up a towel and began wiping dishes. "The perch are beginning to run up at Egg Harbor. Suppose we pack up the kids Sunday and drive up there?"

A dish slipped out of Kitty's hands and cracked against the side of the sink. She stood there looking at it for a moment and then walked out of the kitchen.

At breakfast the next morning, Kitty disagreed with me on all subjects, including the weather, motherhood and the Marines.

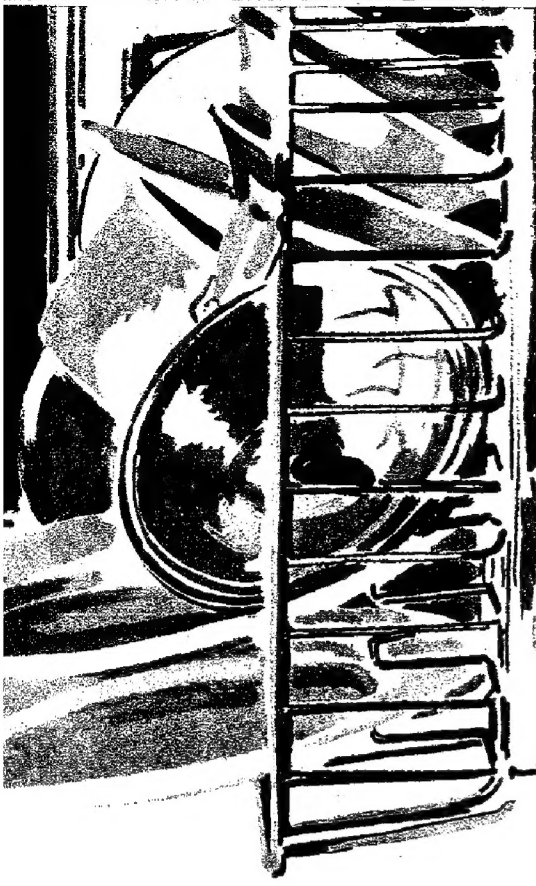
When I came home from work at the end of the day, Kitty met me at the door with her hands on her hips.

"Don't ask me what's cooking," she snapped. "Because nothing is. I took the children over to my mother's house. They drove me wild and they interfered with my practicing."

"OK," I said. "We'll go to a restaurant."

"I practiced four hours today and I'm going to practice that much every day from now on. There's no sense in my neglecting my voice just because I'm tied down with a husband and two children."

She followed me into the kitchen where I got a glass of water. "Do you





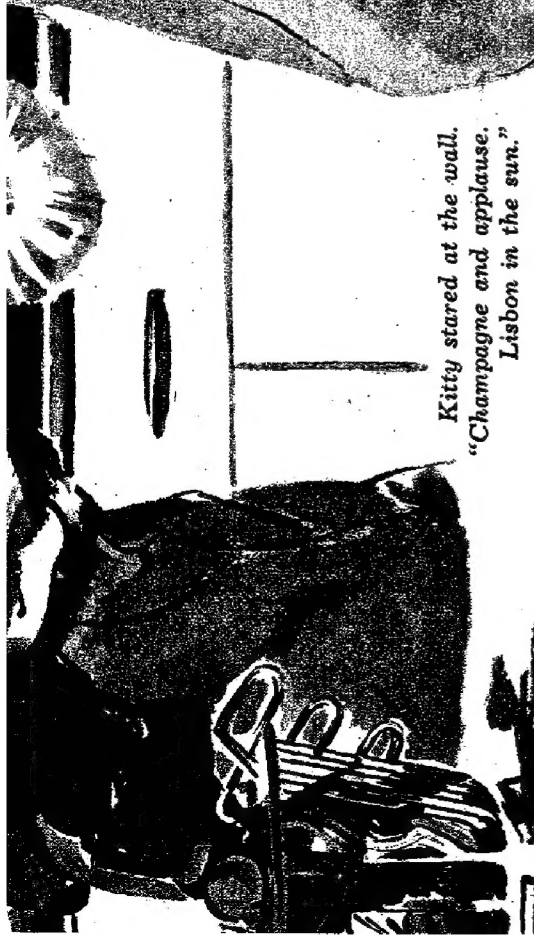
Kitty stared at the wall.
"Champagne and applause.
Lisbon in the sun."

know somebody named Clem Harder?"
"Oh, sure," I said. "Good old Clem."
"Well," she snapped. "Good old Clem is passing through town. He

"Made especially for me," Clem said.
"Order them by the thousand from Havana. That's in Cuba, Queen of the Antilles."

"I suppose you got a raft of kids?" Clem asked.
"Just a couple of planks," Kitty said.
"We find them tolerable."

ped her foot. "He called our faithful wreck a piece of junk."
"Panama Canal," I said dreamily.
"Culebra Cut. High carbon steel. The



Kitty stared at the wall.
"Champagne and applause."
Lisbon in the sun."



know somebody named Clem Harder?" "Oh, sure," I said. "Good old Clem." "Well," she snapped. "Good old Clem is passing through town. He phoned a few minutes ago and said he was coming right over to see you." She sat down in a chair, her lips tight. "When he comes, make it short. I'm hungry."

I picked up the evening newspaper and began reading it. After a few moments I put it down. "Seems awful quiet in here without the kids shrieking their fool heads off. Couldn't you just stomp up and down the room a few times to make me feel more at home?" I checked the glass of water at my elbow to see if it had turned to ice. When the doorbell rang, I went to answer it and came back with my arm around Clem's shoulder. "Kitty," I said. "I'd like you to meet Clem Harder. He and I were practically raised together. Everybody thought we were brothers because we fought so much."

Clem reached into his breast pocket and brought out a cigar. "Try that for true smoking satisfaction, Pete."

I admired the green-flecked cigar. "This looks sickening enough to be expensive."

"Made especially for me," Clem said. "Order them by the thousand from Havana. That's in Cuba, Queen of the Antilles."

He lit our cigars and savored a puff of smoke. "Never thought I'd find you hog-tied and caged, Pete. Didn't think you were the type."

"No?" Kitty asked sweetly. "Just what type did you think he was?"

"The roving rugged type, Mrs. Harris," Clem said. "The kind of a man who ought to have an anchor tattooed on the back of his hand. I thought he'd shake this Kewanee moss off his back the first chance he got."

He rolled the cigar in his mouth. "Say, Pete, I never did tell you about the deal we had in Mexico. A lot of work, but plenty of fun too." He winked and poked me with his elbow. "If you know what I mean?"

"Clem and I were roommates when I was taking engineering at the university, Kitty," I said.

Clem shook his head sadly. "Too bad you had to drop out. You sure missed out on a lot by not finishing."

I shrugged. "You know how it goes. One moonlight night you lose your head and the next thing you know a regular pay check becomes important."

"I suppose you got a raft of kids?" Clem asked.

"Just a couple of planks," Kitty said. "We find them tolerable."

"Would you care for a drink, Clem?" I asked. "I'll get a rag and dust off the bottle."

"Couldn't take the chance," Clem said. "I'm used to only the best."

He glanced at his watch. "Besides, I have to get moving, boy. Got to drive down to Chicago tonight to make the plane for Caracas. That's in Venezuela, land of plains and cloud-topped mountains."

He looked at the pile of toys in one corner of the room and shrugged. "Well, as long as you're happy. Isn't that right, boy?"

I rubbed my jaw thoughtfully. "I think I'll oil my transit and give my engineer boots a good saddle-soaping."

Kitty and I walked him to the door. "That's my buggy behind that pile of junk," Clem said. "They shouldn't allow things like that on the road."

Kitty regarded his 16-foot sedan sourly. "Where do you step the mast?"

Clem got into his car and waved his hand. "Adios, amigo."

Kitty's arms were folded as she watched him drive away and she tap-

ped her foot. "He called our faithful wreck a piece of junk."

"Panama Canal," I said dreamily. "Culebra Cut. High carbon steel. The tang of newly mined tungsten."

I sighed. "I guess we'd better go out and get something to eat."

Kitty studied me. "My dear husband, you're going to my mother's house and bring our children home where they belong. I'm going to make supper."

"I don't know," I said dubiously. "With the racket they make, I'll have trouble concentrating on my mathematics. I've decided to resume my studies."

A smile lurked in Kitty's eyes. "I don't think good old Clem was much of an actor, but I suppose you'll have to buy him a box of those cigars anyway."

I examined my cigar. "I think they pick these things before they're ripe." The smile went to her lips. "I recognized the car, Peter, and then I remembered where I'd seen Clem before. He's your boss' chauffeur, isn't he?"

She kissed me lightly. "Your campaign was successful. I love you."

I grinned and puffed on my cigar. "I kind of suspected that."

THE END